

FRONTIS PIECE.



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Poetical Bloffoms.
BEING A
SELECTION
OF
SHORT POEMS,

Intended for
YOUNG PEOPLE
TO REPEAT FROM MEMORY.

By the REV. Mr. COOPER. *h*

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1793.

Portrait of Holborn

ELLINGTON

W. R. B. M.



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P R E F A C E.

THE memory and judgement undoubtedly are, like all other human faculties, to be improved by moderate exercise ; but it is to be regretted, that the improvement of the memory of children is too often either totally neglected by those who have the care of their education, or the youthful mind is overloaded by the retention of long and entire poems, which, in most instances, give them a rooted disgust to that kind of exercise. To enable the teacher to steer between these two extremes, the editor of this little work has selected, from our most admired poets, the *Poetical Blossoms*, in which he flatters himself the complaint alluded to will be done away,
2 and

and the rising generation be instructed while they are amused.

Poetry is more easily remembered than prose, and the juvenile orators have more opportunity of displaying their talents in speaking a few verses, than they can have from the repetition of long prose speeches.

Children are capable of these exercises of the memory much sooner than the generality of tutors imagine; and I am clearly convinced, from long practice and repeated trials, that were young people to get one of these short poems by heart, and be obliged to repeat it to their tutors, who should teach them to pronounce it accurately, and point out to them where properly to lay the emphasis, it would be attended with the most pleasing effects.

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POETICAL BLOSSOMS.

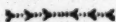
CONTENTMENT.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight ;
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face !
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find ;

B

They

They both disdain in outward mien,
 The grave and solemn garb of spleen,
 And meretricious art of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress;
 Unmov'd, when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose;
 And, cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly.



A PROSPECT.

AND see the rivers how they run,
 Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep!
 Thus in Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wand'ring thought;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

ANOTHER PROSPECT.

SEE on the mountain's southern side,
 Where the prospect opens wide,
 Where the evening gilds the tide,
 How close and small the edges lie!
 What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
 A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
 So little distant dangers seem:
 So we mistake the future's face,
 Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass;
 As yon summits soft and fair,
 Clad in colours of the air,
 Which, to those who journey near,
 Barren, brown, and rough appear;
 Still we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day;
 Oh! may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see,
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tam'd, my wishes laid:

For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul.



NATURAL JOYS.

NOW, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

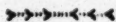


INCONSISTENCY OF MIND.

SUCH is our inconsistency of mind,
We court society and hate mankind,
With some we quarrel, for they're too sincere;
With others, for they're close, reserv'd, and
queer.

This

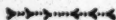
This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise;
 And that we for his ignorance despise.
 A voice, perhaps, our ear shall harshly strike,
 Then strait ev'n wit itself shall raise dislike.
 Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd,
 Behold, at once, a character destroy'd.
 One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing,
 He'll ridicule no friend, though out of hearing.
 Another warm'd with zeal offends our eyes,
 Because he holds the mirror up to vice.
 No wonder, then, since fancies wild as these
 Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.



SELF-CONCEIT.

THIS Self-conceit steps in, and with strict eye
 Scans ev'ry man, and ev'ry man awry;
 That reigning passion, which thro' every stage
 Of life still haunts us with unceasing rage.
 No quality so mean, but what can raise
 Some drudging, driveling candidate for praise.

Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can despise
 Still Self-conceit will find a time to rise.
 Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,
 And thinks he carries his excuse in lace.
 You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can ?
 Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman.
 Myrtilia struts and shudders half the year,
 With a round cap, that shews a fine turn'd ear
 The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death,
 Yet she's no fool, she has only handsome teeth
 Ventoso lolls, and scorns all human kind,
 From the gilt coach, with four lac'd slaves be
 hind.



THE PRINCIPAL STUDY OF LIFE.

HERE the main stress of all our cares must lie
 To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye
 To mark the working mind, when passion
 course
 Begins to swell, and reason still has force ;

Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
 Observe the moments when they first subside ;
 For he who hopes a victory to win
 O'er other men, must with himself begin ;
 Else, like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
 He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast.
 And they alone, who in themselves oft view
 Man's image, know what method to pursue.
 All other creatures keep in beaten ways,
 Man only moves in an eternal maze :
 He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
 The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion ;
 Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn,
 More prone to doubt, than anxious to discern.



GOOD-NATURE.

GOOD sense and learning may esteem obtain ;
 Humour and wit a laugh, if rightly ta'en :
 Fair virtue admiration may impart ;
 But 'tis Good-nature only wins the heart :

It

It moulds the body to an easy grace,
 And brightens ev'ry feature of the face;
 It smoothes th' unpolish'd tongue with elo-
 quence,

And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
 Yet this, like every disposition, has
 Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass.
 When stretch'd too far, its honour dies away,
 Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay.
 Among the good it meets with no applause,
 And to its ruin the malicious draws:
 A slave to all who force it, or entice,
 It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.

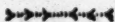


WIT AND MEMORY.

HOW hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
 Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit;
 How many hurried by its force away,
 For ever in the land of gossips stray!

Usurp

Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,
 Without her privilege for being dull !
 Tales upon-tales they raise the stories high,
 Without regard to use or symmetry.
 A story should, to please, at least seem true,
 Be à-propos, well told, concise, and new.
 And whensoever it deviates from these rules,
 The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.



RAILLERY.

ABOVE ev'ry thing raillery decline,
 Nature but few does for that task design :
 'Tis in the ablest hand a dangerous tool,
 But never fails to wound the meddling fool ;
 For all must grant, it needs no common art
 To keep men patient, when we make them
 smart.

Not wit alone, nor humour's self, will do,
 Without good-nature, and much prudence
 too,

To

To judge aright of persons, place, and time,
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sub-
lime.

And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass
Perhaps at court, or next day, would ne-
pass.

Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,
The vulgar and unenvied task, to hit
All persons right or wrong with random wit.

MODESTY.

OF all the qualities that help to raise
In men the universal voice of praise,
Whether in pleasure or in use they end,
There's none that can with Modesty contend.
'Tis a transparent veil that helps the sight,
And lets us look on merit with delight.
In others, 'tis a kindly light, that seems
To gild the worst defects with borrow'd beams

Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,
 Unless its origin be first in thought:
 Else rebel nature will reveal the cheat,
 And the whole work of art at once defeat.

SELF-APPLAUSE.

HOLD forth upon yourself on no pretence,
 Unless invited, or in Self-defence.
 The praise you take, although it be your due,
 Will be suspected, if it come from you:
 For each man, by experience taught, can tell
 How strong a flatterer does within him dwell.
 And if to self-condemning you incline,
 In sober sadness, and without design,
 For some will sily arrogate a vice,
 That from excess of virtue takes its rise)
 The world cries out, why does he hither come?
 Let him do penance for his sins at home.

ADVICE.

NO part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
Though none more common, than to give ad-
vice.

Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
Unless their knowledge makes it worth the ha-
ving.

And where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
An useless gift, it meets ingratitude ?

Shun then, unask'd, this arduous task to try
But if consulted, use sincerity.

Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,
To give it up for any selfish end.

But use one caution, sift him o'er and o'er,
To find if all be not resolv'd before.

If such the case, in spite of all his art,
Some words will give the soundings of his
heart :

And why should you a bootless freedom use,
That serves him not, and may his friendship
lose ?

CENSURE AND PRAISE.

e nice, BE rarely warm in censure or in praise :
 give ad Few men deserve our passion either ways ;
 For half the world floats betwixt good and ill :
 aving, As chance disposes objects, these the will.
 h the h 'Tis but a see-saw game, where virtue now
 Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as
 obtrud low.
 Besides, the wise still hold it for a rule,
 k to try To trust that judgement most that seems most
 cool ;
 For all that rise to hyperbole,
 Proves that we err, at least in the degree.
 l o'er, But if your temper to extremes should lead,
 Always upon th' indulging side exceed ;
 t, For tho' to blame most lend a willing ear,
 ys of h Yet hatred ever will attend on fear ;
 And when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,
 om use, The world will think 'tis time to look about.

SECRETS.

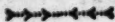
LET not the curious from your bosom steal
 Secrets, where prudence ought to set her seal
 Yet be so frank and plain, that at one view
 In other things, each man may see you through
 For if the mask of policy you wear,
 The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.



DEPARTED HEROES.

HOW sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod ;
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
 There Honour comes a pilgrim grey,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;

And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping Hermit there !



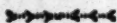
VERSES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S
SHERLOCK UPON DEATH.

MISTAKEN fair, lay Sherlock by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon without a master;
Then let us only study now
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to bless, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blest'd I may not live,
 And pity you deny,
 To me at least your Sherlock give,
 'Tis I must learn to die.



PROSPECT OF PEACE.

METHINKS I hear more friendly shouts
 bound,

And social clarions mix their sprightly sound
 The British flags are furl'd, her troops disband
 And scatter'd armies seek their native land.
 The hardy veteran, proud of many a scar,
 The manly charms and honours of the war,
 Who hop'd to share his friend's illustrious
 doom,

And in the battle find a soldier's tomb,
 Leans on his spear to take his farewell view
 And sighing bids the glorious camp adieu.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

CHARM me, ye powers, with scenes less nobly
bright,

Far humbler thoughts th' inglorious muse de-
light,

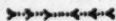
Content to see the horrors of the field

By plough-shares levell'd, or in flowers con-
ceal'd.

O'er shatter'd walls may creeping ivy twine,
And grafs luxuriant cloath the harmless mine;

Tame flocks ascend the breach without a wound,
Or crop the bastion, now a fruitful ground;

While shepherds sleep, along the rampart laid,
Or pipe beneath the formidable shade.



BRITANNIA'S ISLE.

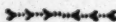
AMIDST the world of waves so stands se-
rene,

Britannia's Isle, the ocean's stately queen.

In vain the nations have conspir'd her fall, And
 Her trench the sea, and fleets her floating wa Has
 Defenceless barks, her powerful navy near,
 Have only waves and hurricanes to fear.

What bold invader, or what land oppres'd,
 Hath not her anger quell'd, her aid redress'd
 Say, where have e'er her union crosses fail'd
 But much her arms, her justice more prevail'd
 Her labours are to plead th' Almighty cause
 Her pride to teach th' untam'd barbarian law
 Who conquers, wins by brutal strength the
 prize ;

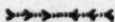
But 'tis a godlike work to civilize.



CURE FOR THE SPLEEN.

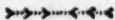
TO cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
 Some recommend the bowling-green ;
 Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;

And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.



PHILOSOPHY.

HAPPY the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent.
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd;
And, when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.



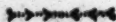
HUMAN HAPPINESS IMPERFECT.

AY, is there aught, on which, completely
blest,
Fearless and full the raptur'd mind may rest?
Is there aught constant? Or, if such there be,
Can varying man be pleas'd with constancy?

Mark,

Mark, then, what sense the blessing must employ!

The senses change, and loath accustom'd joy.
Eden in vain immortal sweets displays,
If the taste sickens or our frame decays.



MAN A MOTLEY SUBSTANCE.

MAN, part from heaven, and part from humble earth,

A motley substance, takes its various birth.

Close link'd to both, he hangs in different chains,

The pliant fetter lengthening as he strains.

If, bravely conscious of her native fires,

To the bold height his nobler frame aspires;

Near as she soars to join th' approaching skies

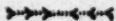
Our earth still lessens to her distant eyes.

But if o'erpois'd she sinks, her downward course

Each moment weighs, with still augmenting force :

More

More and more low the burthen'd spirit bends,
 While weaker still each heav'nly link extends;
 Till prostrate, grov'ling, fetter'd to the ground,
 He lies in Matter's heap o'erwhelm'd and
 bound.



REASON.

THERE must be pleasures past the reach of
 sense,

Some nobler source must happiness dispense.

Reason, arise! and vindicate thy claim,

Flash on our minds the joy-infusing flame;

Pour forth the fount of light, whose endless
 ; store

Thought drinks insatiate, while it thirsts for

; more.

And thou, seraphic flame! who could'st inspire

The prophet's voice, and wrap his soul in fire:

Ray of th' eternal beam! who canst pervade

The distant part, and future's gloomy shade.

While

While trembling Reason tempts Heav'n's daz-
 zling height,
 Sublime her force, and guide her dubious
 flight;
 Strengthen'd by thee, she bears the streaming
 blaze,
 And drinks new lights from Truth's immortal
 rays.

CONTENT.

HAIL, sweet Content! where joy serene
 Gilds the mild soul's unruffled scene;
 And with blith fancy's pencil wrought,
 Spreads the white web of flowing thought;
 Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
 And cloaths each charm with native grace;
 Effusion pure, of bliss sincere,
 A vestment for a god to wear!

TO PLEASE AND BE PLEASED.

WHOEVER would be pleas'd, and please,
Must do what others do with ease.

Great precepts undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's school ;

To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads through all the human kind ;

Beauty and wit and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.

Rich with this gift and none beside,
In Fashion's stream how many glide !

Secure from every mental woe,
From treacherous friend or open foe ;

From social sympathy that shares

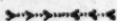
The public loss or private cares ;

Whether the barb'rous foe invade,

Or merit pine in Fortune's shade.

THE NATURAL APPETITES.

HEAVEN in the human breast implants
 Fit appetites for all our wants :
 With hunger prompts to strengthening food,
 With love of praise to public good :
 These to their object strait convey,
 While reason winds her tardy way.
 Yet in one center should unite,
 Faith, instinct, reason, appetite.
 One perfect plan ordain'd to trace,
 And nature dignify with grace ;
 In one great system meant to roll,
 To move, support, and guide the whole.

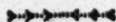


COURTSHIP.

NOW cheerful springs the morning ray,
 Now cheerful sings the closing day ;
 For every morn with her I walk'd,
 And every eve with her I talk'd.

Wit

With her I lik'd the vernal bloſſom,
 With her I lik'd the crowded room ;
 From her at night I went with pain,
 And long'd for morn to meet again.



A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

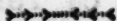
LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
 Charmer of an idle hour,
 Object of my warm desire,
 Lip of wax, and eye of fire,
 And thy snowy taper waift,
 With my finger gently brac'd ;
 And thy pretty swelling creft,
 With my little ſtopper preſt,
 And the ſweeteſt bliſs of bliſſes,
 Breathing from thy balmy kiſſes.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happieſt he of happy men,
 Who, when again the night returns,
 Then again the taper burns,

With

D

Can

Can afford his tube to feed
 With the fragrant Indian weed.
 Pleasure for a nose divine,
 Incense of the god of wine.
 Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
 Happiest he of happy of men.



THE MISER AND MOUSE.

AS Pedro stalk'd around his house,
 The jealous miser spy'd a mouse.
 How now ! cries he, what dost thou here ?
 Sir, says the mouse, dimiss your fear :
 I came not with the hopes of food,
 But for the sake of—solitude.

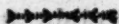


THE STAGE OF LIFE.

OUR life's a journey in a winter's day ;
 Some only break their fast, and so away ;

Other

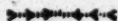
Others stay dinner, and depart full fed;
The deepest age but sups and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the day;
Who dies betimes, has less and less to pay.



THE BEE STIFLED IN HONEY.

FROM flow'r to flow'r, with eager pains,
See the bless'd busy lab'rer fly;
When all that from the toil she gains
Is in the sweets she hoards to die.

'Tis thus, would man the truth believe,
With life's soft sweets, each fav'rite joy,
If we taste wisely, they relieve;
But, if we plunge too deep, destroy.



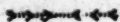
SOLITUDE.

WAIL, ever-pleasing Solitude!
Companion of the wise and good!

But, from whose holy, piercing eye,
 The herd of fools and villains fly.
 Oh, how I love with thee to walk!
 And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
 Which innocence and truth imparts,
 And melts the most obdurate hearts.
 Thine is th' unbounded breath of morn,
 Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
 And while meridian fervors beat,
 Thine is the woodland's dumb retreat;
 But chief, when evening scenes decay,
 And the faint landscape swims away,
 Oh! let me pierce thy secret cell,
 And in thy deep recesses dwell:
 For ever with thy raptures fir'd,
 For ever from the world retir'd;
 Nor by a mortal seen, fave he
 A Lycidas or Licon be.

LIBERTY.

HAIL Liberty! whose presence glads th'abode
 Of Heav'n itself, great attribute of God!
 By thee sustain'd, th' unbounded spirit runs,
 Moulds orbs on orbs, and lights up suns on
 suns;
 By thee sustain'd in love unwearied lives,
 And uncontroul'd creates, supports, forgives:
 No pow'r, or time, or space, his will with-
 stood:
 Almighty! endless! infinite in good!



PATIENCE.

THE country lately, 'twas my wish: oh there!
 Gardens, diversions, friends, relations, air.
 Or London now, dear London, how I burn!
 Must be happy, sure, when I return.
 Whoever hopes true happiness to see,
 Hopes for what never was, nor e'er will be.

The nearest ease, since we must suffer still,
Are they, who dare be *patient* under ill.



INDOLENCE.

FEW people know it, yet, dear Sir, 'tis true
Man should have somewhat evermore to do.
Hard labour's tedious, every one must own;
But surely better such by far, than none :
The perfect drone, the quite impertinent,
Whose life at nothing aims, but to be spent,
Such Heaven visits for some mighty ill :
'Tis sure the hardest labour to sit still.
Hence that unhappy tribe, who nought pursue
Who sin, for want of something else to do.

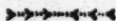


SLOTH.

WHAT numbers, Sloth with gloomy humors
fills !
Racking their brains with visionary ills !

Hence

still, Hence what loud outcries, and well-meaning
 ll. rage,
 What endless quarrels at the present age !
 How many blame ? how often may we hear,
 " Such vice ! well, sure, the last day must be
 " near !"
 T'avoid such wild, imaginary pains,
 The sad creation of distemper'd brains,
 Dispatch, dear friend ! move, labour, sweat,
 run, fly !
 Do aught—but think the day of judgement
 nigh.

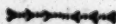


PEEVISHNESS.

There are, who've lost all relish for delight :
 With them no earthly thing is ever right.
 T' expect to alter to their taste were vain,
 For who can mend so fast as they complain ?
 Whate'er you do shall be a crime with such :
 One while you've lost your tongue, then talk
 too much. Thus

Thus shall you meet their waspish temper still,
As hedge-hogs prick you, go which side you
will.

How many such in peevishness grown old,
With vigour ne'er do any thing but scold !
Who spirits only from ill-humour get,
Like wines that die, unless upon the fret.



THE POETASTER.

'MONGST all the instances of genius crost,
The rhyming tribe are those who err the
most.

Each piddling wretch, who hath but common
sense,

Or thinks he hath, to verse shall make pretence
Why not ? 'tis their diversion, and 'twere
hard,

If men of their estates should be debarr'd.
Thus wealth with them gives every thing be-
side ;

As people worth so much are qualified.

They've all the requisites for writing fit,
All but that one—some little share of wit.



THE PEDANT.

SEE the pedantic teacher, winking dull,
The letter'd tyrant of a trembling school ;
Teaching by force, and proving by a frown,
His lifted fasces ram the lesson down.
From tortur'd strains of eloquence he draws
Barbaric precepts and unmeaning laws.
By his own sense would Tully's words ex-
pound,
And a new Vandal tramples classic ground.
Perhaps a bigot to the learned page,
No modern custom can his thoughts engage ;
His little farm by Georgic rules he ploughs,
And prunes by metre the luxuriant boughs.

BRI-

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA smiling views her golden plains,
 From mitred bondage free and papal chains.
 Her jocund sons pass each unburthen'd day
 Securely quiet, innocently gay.
 Lords of themselves, the happy rustics sing,
 Each of his little tenement the king.
 Twice did usurping Rome extend her hand,
 To re-inslave the new-deliver'd land.
 Twice were her sable bands to battle warm'd,
 With pardons, bulls, and texts, and murders
 arm'd;
 With Peter's sword and Michael's lance were
 sent,
 And whate'er stores supply'd the church's ar-
 mament.
 Twice did the gallant Albion race expel
 The Jesuit legions, as they know full well.

FANCY.

O parent of each lovely Muse !
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse ;
 O'er all my artless songs preside,
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatlings of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.
 O nymph ! with loosely flowing hair,
 With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
 Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
 Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
 Waving in thy snowy hand
 An all-commanding magic wand,
 Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow
 Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
 Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
 Through air, and over earth and sea,
 While the vast various landscape lies
 Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.

MELAN-

MELANCHOLY.

HASTE, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
 To meet the matron Melancholy,
 Goddess of the tearful eye,
 That loves to fold her arms and sigh !
 Let us with silent footsteps go
 To charnels and the house of woe,
 To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
 Where each sad night some virgin comes,
 With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
 Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek ;
 Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
 Where to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
 The naked beggar shivering lies,
 Whilst whistling tempests round her rise,
 And trembles, lest the tottering wall
 Should on her sleeping infant fall.

IMAGINATION.

folly,
 NOW let us louder strike the lyre,
 Or my heart glows with martial fire :
 I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
 My big tumultuous bosom beat.
 The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
 A thousand widows shrieks I hear :
 Give me another horse, I cry,
 And the base Gallic squadrons fly.
 Whence is this rage ?—what spirit, say,
 The battle hurries me away ?
 'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
 Transports me to the thickest war :
 There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
 Where tumult and destruction reign ;
 There, mad with pain, the wounded steed
 Tramples the dying and the dead ;
 There giant Terror stalks around,
 With fullen joy surveys the ground,
 And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
 Takes his dread Gorgon shield.

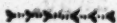
ANCIENT VIRTUE.

IN days, we're told, when mother Time,
 Though now grown old, was in her prime,
 When Saturn first began to rule,
 And Jove was hardly come from school,
 How happy was a country life !
 How free from wickedness and strife !
 Then each man liv'd upon his farm,
 And thought and did no mortal harm.
 On mossy banks fair virgins slept,
 As harmless as the flocks they kept ;
 Then love was all they had to do,
 And nymphs were chaste, and swains were
 true.

But now, whatever poets write,
 'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite ;
 Virtue no more in rural plains,
 Or innocence, or peace remains.
 Fierce party-rage each village fires,
 With wars of justices and 'squires ;

Atto

stornies, for a barley straw,
 whole ages hamper folks in law.
 Time, some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,
 prime, and some for diff'rence in religions.
 Some hold their parson the best preacher,
 fool, the tinker, some, a better teacher.



EMPLOYMENT.

n. UT if civilities should teaze me,
 or business nor diversions please me,
 You'll ask, my friend, how time I spend ?
 I answer, with a book, or friend ;
 The circulating hours dividing
 Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding.
 My books are still my highest joy :
 These earliest please, and latest cloy.
 Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,
 My guides experienc'd taught the way :
 The wonders of each region view,
 From frozen Lapland to Peru ;

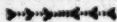
Atto

Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow-chair.



ON THE SAME.

SOMETIMES I pass a whole long day
In happy indolence away,
In fondly meditating o'er
Past pleasures, and in hoping more ;
Or wander through the fields and woods,
And gardens bath'd in circling floods ;
There blooming flowers with rapture view,
And sparkling gems of morning dew,
Whence in my mind ideas rise
Of Cælia's cheeks, and Chloe's eyes.



THE POWERS OF THE PEN.

LET mighty Love no longer boast his darts,
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts.

Chloe

Chloe, your guile can equal wonders do,
 Wound full as sure, and at a distance too.
 Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your
 hands,

From pole to pole you send your great com-
 mands ;

To distant climes in vain the lover flies,
 Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your
 eyes :

To those, who from the sword in battle run,
 But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r ;
 But these are charms no ages can devour :

These, far superior to the brightest face,
 Triumph alike o'er time, as well as space ;

When that fair form, which thousands now
 adore,

By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,

Your lovely lines shall future ages view,

And eyes, as yet unborn, be charm'd by you.

THE ARCADIAN NYMPH.

ONCE in Arcadia, that fond seat of love,
 There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the
 grove,

A lovely nymph, adorn'd with every grace,
 An easy shape, and sweetly blooming face.

Fanny, the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair.
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling
 string;

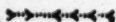
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to
 rove,

While Fanny's name resounds thro' ev'ry
 grove,

And spreads on every tree, enclos'd in
 knots of love.

THE GIFTS OF NATURE.

ve, WISE Nature ever with a prudent hand,
all the dispenses various gifts to every land,
to every nation frugally imparts
grace, genius fit for some peculiar arts :
ce. To trade the Dutch incline, the Swifs to arms ;
s fair, Music and verse are soft Italia's charms ;
efpair. Britannia justly glories to have found
ng, Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around ;
embling That none will sure presume to rival France,
Whether she forms or executes the dance.



DANCING.

W ancient times (such times are now no more)
When Albion's crown illustrious Arthur wore,
In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's
night,
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,
THE the sporting fairies their assemblies held.

Some

Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green.
 Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes re-
 found,

And music warble through the groves around
 Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,
 Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,
 And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale
 Their guests diverted with the wondrous tale
 Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,
 And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,
 Round where the trembling May-pole's fix'd
 on high,

And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,
 The ruddy maids and sun-burnt swains resort
 And practise every night the lovely sport.
 On every side Æolian artists stand,
 Whose active elbows swelling winds command
 The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire
 And blow in every breast a generous fire.
 Thus taught, at first, the country dance began
 And hence to cities and to courts it ran.

THE MODERN FINE GENTLEMAN.

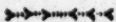
JUST broke from school, pert, impudent, and
raw,

Expert in Latin, more expert in law,
His Honour posts o'er Italy and France,
Measures St. Peter's dome, and learns to dance;
Thence having quick thro' various countries
flown,

Glean'd all their follies, and expos'd his own,
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,
As never ages past produc'd before,

A monster of such complicated worth,
As no one single clime could e'er bring forth :

Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,
Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and
cook.



THE MODERN FINE LADY.

KILL'D in each art that can adorn the fair,
The sprightly dance, the soft Italian air ;

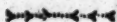
The

The tofs of quality, and high-bred flier,
 Now Lady Harriot reach'd her fifteenth year,
 Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,
 Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new.
 Breakfasts and auctions pass the morn away,
 Each evening gives an op'ra or a play;
 Then Brag's eternal joys all night remain,
 And kindly usher in the morn again.

THE FINE LADY'S EXIT.

NOW see her in the sad decline of life,
 A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife;
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown
 pale
 With many a real, many a fancy'd ail;
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft;
 Her insolence and title only left.
 Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,
 And the low pastimes of a country fair.

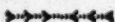
Too wretched to endure one lonely day,
 Too proud one friendly visit to repay,
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite con-
 fin'd,
 Shunning and shun'd by all of human kind;
 Ev'n robb'd of the last comfort of her life,
 Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,
 Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,
 And with true scorpion rage she stings herself
 to death.



THE WISDOM OF BRUTES.

WILL the wise elephant desert the wood,
 To imitate the whale and range the flood?
 Or will the mole her native earth forsake,
 In wanton madness to explore the lake?
 Let man, whom still ideal profit sways,
 Than those less prudent, and more blind
 Than these,
 To Will quit his home, and vent'rous brave the
 seas;
 And

And when his rashness its desert has found,
The fool surviving weeps the fool that's
drown'd.



GENIUS, VIRTUE, AND REPUTATION.
A FABLE.

AS Genius, Virtue, Reputation,
Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation
Agreed to roam; then pass the seas,
And visit Italy and Greece;
By travel to improve their parts,
And learn the languages and arts;
Not like our modern fops and beaux,
T'improve the pattern of their cloaths.

GENIUS.

THEN Genius said—Companions dear,
To what I speak incline an ear.

ound, some chance, perhaps, may us divide :
 I that's let us against the worst provide,
 And give some sign, by which to find
 A friend thus lost or left behind.
 For me, if cruel fate should ever
 Me and my dear companions sever,
 rION. Go, seek me near the walls of Rome,
 At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb :
 Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,
 tion lamenting with the mournful Nine.

VIRTUE.

hs. NEXT Virtue, pausing, (for she knew
 The places were but very few,
 Where she could fairly hope to stay
 Till her companions came that way,)
 as by (she cry'd) the court, the ball,
 The masquerade and carnival,
 ar, Where all in false disguise appear,
 ut Vice, whose face is ever bare ;
 tis ten to one, I am not there.

F

Cælia,

Cælia, the loveliest maid on earth !
 I've been her friend e'er since her birth,
 Perfection in her person charms,
 And Virtue all her bosom warms.
 A matchless pattern for the fair,
 Her dwelling seek, you'll find me there.

REPUTATION:

CRY'D Reputation—I, like you,
 Had once a soft companion too.
 As fair her person, and her fame,
 And Coquetissa was her name.
 Ten thousand lovers swell'd her train,
 Ten thousand lovers sigh'd in vain.
 Where-e'er she went, the dangles came,
 Yet still I was her favourite flame,
 Till once, ('twas at the public show)
 The play being done, we rose to go.
 A thing, who long had ey'd the fair,
 His neck stiff yok'd in solitaire,

With clean white gloves first made approach,
 Then begg'd to lead her to her coach.
 Then lost the Reputation quite :
 Friends, take example from that night,
 And never leave me from your fight. }
 For oh ! if cruel fate intends
 Ever to part me from my friends,
 Think that I'm dead ; my death deplore ;
 But never hope to see me more !
 In vain you'll search the world around,
 Lost Reputation's never to be found.

WISDOM.

THE solitary bird of night
 Through the thick shade now wings his flight,
 And quits his time-shook tower,
 There, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bower.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat.
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And faithful to thy summons bend
At Wisdom's awful feet.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest :
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties drest,

Beneath the clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show :
She sees through every fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Are vanity and woe.

HUMAN LIFE.

WHAT'S all this wish'd-for empire, Life !

A scene of misery, care, and strife ;

And make the most, that's all we have

Between the cradle and the grave.

The being is not worth the charge ;

Behold the estimate at large.

Our youth is silly, idle, vain ;

Our age is full of care and pain.

From wealth accrues anxiety ;

Want and contempt from poverty.

What trouble business has in store !

How idleness fatigues us more !

To reason, th'ignorant are blind ;

The learned's eyes are too refin'd.

Each wit deems every wit his foe,

Each fool is naturally so.

And every rank, and every station,

Meet justly with disapprobation.

ay, man, is this the boasted state,

Where all is pleasant, all is great ?

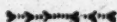
HUMAN

DEATH.

HARK ! at the death-betok'ning knell
 Of yonder doleful passing-bell !
 Perhaps a friend, perhaps a father's dead,
 Or the lov'd partner of thy bed !
 Perhaps the only son lies there,
 Breathless upon the sable bier !
 Say, what can ease the present grief,
 Can former joys afford relief ?
 Those former joys remember'd still,
 The more augment the recent ill,
 And, where you seek for comfort, gain
 Additional increase of pain.
 What woes from mortal ills accrue !
 And what from natural ensue !
 Disease and casualty attend
 Our footsteps to the journey's end.
 The cold catarrh, the gout, and stone,
 The dropsy, jaundice, join'd in one ;
 The raging fever's inward heat,
 The pale consumption's fatal sweat,

And

And thousand more distempers roam,
To drag us to th' eternal home.



SPRING.

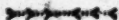
MARK ! how the renovating spring
Invites the feather'd choir to sing.
Spontaneous mirth and rapture glow
In every shrub, and every bough.
Their little airs a lesson give,
They teach us mortals how to live,
And well advise us, whilst we can,
To spend in joy the vital span.
The gay and youthful, all advance
Together knit in festive dance :
See, blooming Hebe leads the way,
For youth is Nature's holiday.

VERSES WRITTEN IN A BOOK CALLED
FABLES FOR THE FEMALE SEX.

By Edward Moore.

WHILE here the poet paints the charms,
Which blefs the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
And wit preserves the flame.

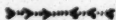
How prudence, virtue, fenfe agree,
To form the happy wife !
In Lucy and her look I fee
The picture and the life.



TO THE LATE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.
CAN ease be confistent with state ?
Can freedom and pomp thus agree ?
O Stanhope ! who would not be great,
If easy in greatness like thee ?

Let fit
Tho
Tis S
Yet
state b
Unb
Too so
That
Then,
Be ha
While
You'
DAUC
Tho
Whose
The
Bound
The pr

Let statesmen pretend to despise
 Those talents that furnish delight,
 'Tis Stanhope alone to be wise,
 Yet pleasure with wisdom unite.
 State burthens may hurt the gay soul,
 Unbended alone we taste joy ;
 Too soon our grey hairs must controul
 That bliss which our prime should employ !
 Then, Stanhope, be blest in your choice,
 Be happy your life in each stage ;
 While spirits attend you rejoice,
 You've wisdom enough for old age.



ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge, and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And

And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone

When first thy fire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Steer rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at other
woe.

Oh! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chaf'ning hand
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threatening mien
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty

PENSHURST PARK.

BUT come, the minutes flit away,
 And eager Fancy longs to stray.
 Come, friendly Genius! lead me round
 Thy sylvan haunts and magic ground;
 Point every spot of hill or dale,
 And tell me, as we tread the vale,
 "Here mighty Dudley once would rove,
 "To plan his triumphs in the grove:
 "There Philip, fide-long yonder spring,
 "His lavish carols wont to sing."
 Hark, I hear the echoes call!
 Hark, the rushing waters fall!
 Lead me to the green retreats,
 Guide me to the Muses' seats,
 Where ancient bards retirement chose,
 Or ancient lovers wept their woes.
 What Genius points to yonder oak?
 What rapture does my soul provoke?

PENSURST OAK.

STRANGER, kneel here! to age due homage
pay!

When great Eliza held Britannia's sway
My growth began—the same illustrious mor
Joy to the hour! saw gallant Sidney born:
Sidney, the darling of Arcadia's swains!
Sidney, the terror of the martial plains!
He perish'd early; I just stay behind
An hundred years, and, lo! my clefted rim
My wither'd boughs foretel destruction nigh
We all are mortal; oaks and heroes die!



ON THE SAME.

THIS oak was planted in the earth
The day that shone on Sidney's birth.
That happy time, that glorious day,
The Muses came in concert gay;
With harps in tune, and ready song,
The jolly Chorus tript along,

In honour of th' auspicious morn,
 To hail an infant genius born.
 Next came the Fawns in order meet,
 The Satyrs next with cloven feet ;
 The Dryads swift that roam the woods,
 The Naiads green that swim the floods ;
 Vertumnus led his blushing spouse,
 And Ceres shook her wheaten brows ;
 And Mars with milder look was there,
 And laughing Venus grac'd the rear.
 They join'd their hands in festive dance,
 And bade the smiling babe advance.
 Each gave a gift. Sylvanus last
 Ordain'd, when all the pomp was past,
 Memorial meet, a tree to grow
 Which might to future ages shew,
 That on select occasion rare,
 A troop of Gods assembled there.
 The Naiads water'd well the ground,
 And Flora twin'd a woodbine round :
 The tree sprung fast in hallow'd earth,
 Coeval with the illustrious birth.

FANCY.

WHEN day declines, and ev'ning cool
 Begins her gentle, silent rule,
 Again as Fancy points the way,
 Benignant leader, let me stray.
 And wilt thou, Genius, bring along,
 (So shall my muse exalt her song)
 The lord who rules this ample scene,*
 His consort too with gracious mien,
 Her little offspring prattling round,
 While Echo lisps their infant sound.
 And let Good-nature, born to please,
 Wait on our steps, and graceful Ease;
 Nor mirth be wanting so we walk,
 Nor Wit to season sober talk.
 Let gay Description too attend,
 And Fable told with moral end,
 And Satire quick, that comes by stealth,
 And flowing Laughter, friend to Health.

* Penshurst.

Me

Mean while Attention loves to mark
 The deer that crop the shaven park,
 The steep-brow'd hill, or forest wild,
 The sloping lawns, and zephyrs mild,
 The clouds that blush with ev'ning red,
 Or meads with silver fountains fed,
 The fragrance of the new-mown hay,
 And blackbirds chanting on the spray;
 The calm farewell of parting light,
 And Ev'ning sad'ning into Night.



VIRGIL'S TOMB.

CAME, great bard, to gaze upon thy shrine,
 And o'er thy relicks wait th' inspiring Nine :
 Or sure, I said, where Maro's ashes sleep,
 The weeping Muses must their vigils keep.
 All o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
 And with poetic trophies grace his urn :
 We plac'd the shield and martial trumpet
 here ;

Me the shepherd's pipe, and rural honours there :

Fancy had deck'd the consecrated ground,
And scatter'd never-fading roses round.



THE DEATH OF A LADY'S OWL.

THE owl expires! death gave the dreadful
word,

And lovely Anna weeps her fav'rite bird.
Ye feather'd choir, in willing throngs repair,
And sooth the sorrows of the melting fair.
In sounds of woe the dear-departed greet,
With cypress strew, ye doves, the green re-
treat ;

The fateful raven tolls the passing-bell,
The solemn dirge be sung by Philomel ;
Sir Chanticleer, a chief of hardy race,
Shall guard from kites and daws the sacred
place.

With your just tears a bard shall mix his own
And thus, in artless verse, inscribe the stone

EPITAPH ON THE ABOVE.

INTERR'D within this little space

The bird of wisdom lies ;

Learn hence, how vain is every grace,

How fruitless to be wise !

Can mortals stop the arm of Death,

Who ne'er compassion knew ?

He Venus' lover robb'd of breath,

He Anna's darling slew.

Oh, happy bird, to raise those sighs,

Which man could ne'er obtain !

Oh, happy bird, to cloud those eyes

That fir'd each kneeling swain.

Thrice blest thy life, her joy, her bliss,

Thrice blest thy happy doom ;

She gave thee many a melting kiss,

She wept upon thy tomb.

* Adonis.

G 3*

THE

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET Observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
 Then say how Hope and Fear, Desire and
 Hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of
 fate,
 Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous
 pride,
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide:
 As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shun fancied ills, or chafes airy good;
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant
 voice.

THE WARRIOR.

ON what foundation stands the warrior's
pride,

How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles* de-
cide!

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,

No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;

For love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,

Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;

To joys to him pacific sceptres yield,

War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;

Behold surrounding kings their pow'r combine,

And one capitulate, and one resign.

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms
in vain.

Think nothing gain'd (he cries) till nought
"remain,

On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,

And all be mine beneath the polar sky."†

* Charles XII. King of Sweden.

† He was shot at the siege of Frederickshall, Dec.
1718.

RELIANCE ON GOD.

WHERE, then, shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?

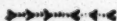
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll nothing down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries attempt the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease, petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav'n may hear ; nor deem religion
 vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav'n the measure and the
 choice.

Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar,
 The secret ambush of a specious pray'r ;
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

FANCY.

FANCY, whose delusions vain
 report themselves with human brain;
 rival thou of Nature's power,
 Canst, from thy exhaustless store,
 bid a tide of sorrow flow,
 and whelm the soul in deepest woe;
 or, in the twinkling of an eye,
 raise it to mirth and jollity.
 Dreams and Shadows by thee stand,
 taught to run at thy command,
 and along the wanton air
 flit like empty Gossimer.



FAIRY LAND.

MARK! upon my left I hear
 Wild music wand'ring in the air.
 led by the sound I onward creep,
 and thro' the neighb'ring hedge I peep:

There

There I spy the fairy band
 Dancing on the level land.
 Now with step alternate bound,
 Join'd in one continued round ;
 Now their plighted hands unbind,
 And such tangled mazes wind,
 As the quick eye can scarce pursue,
 And would have puzzled that fam'd clue,
 Which led th'Athenian's unskill'd feet
 Through the labyrinth of Crete.
 At the near approach of day,
 Sudden the music dies away,
 Wasting in the sea of air,
 And the phantoms disappear.
 All (as the glow-worm waxes dim)
 Vanish like a morning dream,
 And of their revels leave no trace,
 Save the ring upon the grass.

THE DOVES.

SEE how that pair of billing doves
 With open murmurs own their loves;
 And, heedless of censorious eyes,
 Pursue their unpolluted joys.
 No fears of future wants molest
 The downy quiet of their nest;
 No int'rest join'd the happy pair,
 Securely blest in Nature's care,
 While her chaste dictates they pursue,
 Or constancy is Nature too.



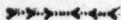
THE REVENGE OF AMERICA.

WHEN fierce Pizarro's legions flew
 O'er ravag'd fields of rich Peru,
 Struck with his bleeding people's woes,
 And India's awful Genius rose.
 He sat on Andes' topmost stone,
 And heard a thousand nations groan.

TH

For

For grief his feathery crown he tore,
 To see huge Plata foam with gore ;
 He broke his arrows, stamp'd the ground,
 To view his cities smoking round.
 What woes, he cry'd, hath lust of gold
 O'er my dear country widely roll'd !
 Plunderers, proceed ! my bowels tear,
 But ye shall meet destruction there.
 From the deep-vaulted mine shall rise
 Th'insatiate fiend, pale Av'rice !
 Whose steps shall trembling Justice fly,
 Peace, Order, Law, and Amity !
 I see all Europe's children curst
 With lucre's universal thirst :
 The rage that sweeps my sons away,
 My baneful gold shall well repay.



THE LAST ADIEU.

COMPANION of my tender age,
 Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,

He

How blithsome were we wont to rove
 By verdant hill or shady grove,
 Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
 Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
 And aged elms with awful bend
 In long cathedral walks extend !
 Hush'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
 Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
 How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
 In sweet society, with thee !
 Then all was joyous, all was young,
 And years unheeded roll'd along ;
 But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
 These scenes must charm me now no more ;
 Adieu to the field, and torn from you—
 Farewel !---a long, a long, a last adieu !



SOLITUDE.

SOLITUDE, romantic maid !

Whither by nodding towers you tread,

He

H

Or

Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
 Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
 Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
 Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
 Or, starting from your half year's sleep,
 From Hecla view the thawing deep;
 Or, at the purple dawn of day,
 Palmyra's ruins vast survey,
 You, Recluse, again I woo,
 And again your steps pursue,
 Plum'd Conceit himself surveying,
 Folly with her shadow playing,
 Purse-proud, elbowing Insolence,
 Bloated empiric, puff'd Pretence;
 Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
 Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
 Intrusion with a fopling's face,
 (Ignorant of time and place)
 Sparks of fire Dissention blowing,
 Ductile, court-bred Flattery bowing;
 Restraint's stiff neck, Grimace's leer,
 Squint-ey'd Censure's artful sneer,

Ambition's buskin's steep'd in blood;
Fly thy presence, Solitude!

ON THE SAME.

WHEN all Nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor Love nor Guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men.
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled courfers drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,
Where, as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.

H 3

SOLI-

SOLITUDE AFFORDS NO EASE TO A TROUBLED MIND.

YOUTH, 'you're mistaken, if you think to find
 In shades a medicine for a troubled mind.
 When Grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go
 Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow
 There pale Inaction pines his life away,
 And, satiate, curses the return of day.
 There naked Frenzy, laughing wild with pain
 Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main.
 There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
 And yells of dæmons in the Zephyr hears.
 But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
 And bid to social life a last farewell,
 'Tis impious——

God never made an independent man :
 'Twould jar the concord of his general plan.
 See every part of that stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.
 Should man through Nature solitary roam,
 His will his sovereign, every where his home

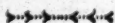
Wha

What force would guard him from the lion's
jaw ?

What swiftneſs wing him from the panther's
paw ?

Or ſhould Fate lead him to ſome ſafer ſhore,
Where panthers never prowl, nor lions roar,
Where Nature all her charms beſtows,
Suns ſhine, birds ſing, flowers bloom, and wa-
ter flows ;

ool, doſt thou think he'd revel on the ſtore,
Abſolve the care of Heav'n, nor aſk for more ?

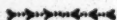


THE EVENING OF LIFE.

WE'LL aſk no long-protracted treat,
Since winter life is ſeldom ſweet)
But when our feaſt is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll ariſe,
For grudge our ſons, with anxious eyes;
The relics of our ſtore.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go,
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
 With cautious steps we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead.

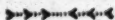
While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.



LORD COBHAM'S GARDENS.

IT puzzles much the sages' brains,
 Where Eden stood of yore ;
 Some place it in Arabia's plains ;
 Some say, it is no more.
 But Cobham can these tales confute,
 As all the curious know ;

For he has prov'd, beyond dispute,
That Paradise is Strow.



FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall,
Ne cook of France, ne dainty board,
Nestow'd with pies of Peregord ;
Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis.
Let me ne more myself deceive,
Ne more regret the toys I leave.
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train.
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer ;
But such aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always, with me dwell.
Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,
And blest from fools this holy ground ;

From

From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton eld, and homely youth ;
 The gravely dull, and pertly gay :
 Oh, banish these ! and, by my fay,
 Right well I ween, that in this age
 Mine house shall prove an heritage.

Inscription ON his Cell.

BENEATH these moss-grown roots, this ru-
 tic cell,
 Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell
 Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
 What drawing-room can boast so fair a train

Inscription IN his Cell.

SWEET bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
 Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay :
 While I beneath this breezy shade
 In peace repose my careless head ;

And, joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented, harmless breast
In solitude itself is blest.



ON THE FRIENDSHIP OF TWO YOUNG
LADIES.

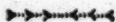
FAIR, beauteous pair! whom Friendship binds
In softest, yet in strongest ties,
As the temper of your minds,
Strong as the lustre of your eyes!

Venus's doves in couples fly,
And friendly steer their equal course,
Whose feathers Cupid's shafts supply,
And wing them with resistless force.

As you move, Love's tender flame,
Like that of Friendship, paler burns;
Whose our divided passion claim,
And friends and rivals prove by turns.

Then

Then ease yourselves, and bless mankind,
 Friendship so vain no more pursue ;
 In Wedlock's rosy bow'r you'll find
 The joys of Love and Friendship too.

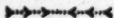


HEALTH.

HEALTH! to thee thy vot'ry owes
 All the blessings life bestows,
 All the sweets the summer yields,
 Melodious woods, and clover'd fields;
 By thee he tastes the calm delights
 Of studious days and peaceful nights ;
 By thee his eyes each scene with rapture view
 The Muse shall sing thy gifts, for they inspire
 the Muse.

Does increase of wealth impart
 Transports to a bounteous heart ?
 Does the fire with smiles survey
 His prattling children round him play ?

Does love with mutual blushes streak
The swain's and virgin's artless cheek ?
From Health these blushes, smiles, and tran-
sports flow :
Health, children, love itself, to *Health* their
relish owe.



THE ELBOW CHAIR NEW CLOATHED.

O dear companion, and my faithful friend !
Orpheus taught the list'ning oaks to bend ;
Stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,
Went into form, and built the Theban wall,
Why shouldst not *thou* attend my humble lays,
And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise ?
True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau,
But what are trappings and external show ?
To real worth alone I make my court,
Flatt'ring smiles are my scorn, and coxcombs are my
sport.

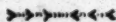
Once

Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay,
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey;
 The safe retreat of every lurking mouse;
 Derided, shunn'd; the lumber of my house
 Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my fires of yore
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd;
 I knew thy worth, my friend in rags I lov'd
 Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,
 And, patiently, what Heav'n has sent endure
 From all the futile cares of business free,
 Not *fond* of life, but yet content *to be*:
 Here mark the fleeting hours, regret the past
 And seriously prepare to meet the last.

A RAMBLE.

AS o'er Asteria's fields I rove,
 The blissful seat of peace and love,

gay, Ten thousand beauties round me rise,
 rey; and mingle pleasure with surprise.
 se; by Nature blest in every part;
 house adorn'd with ev'ry grace of art,
 s before this paradise of blooming joys
 of yon each raptur'd sense, at once, employs.
 s round But when I view the radiant queen,
 ground Who form'd this fair enchanting scene,
 'd;ardon, ye grots! ye crystal floods!
 I lov'd the breathing flowers! ye shady woods!
 e, your coolness now no more invites,
 endure no more your murmuring stream delights;
 ee, your sweets decay, your verdure's flown,
 : my soul's intent on her alone.



NIGHT.

THE busy cares of day are done;
 In yonder western cloud the sun
 Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
 And glad with light the nether skies.

I

With

With ling'ring pace the parting day retires,
And slowly leaves the mountains tops and
gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light :
At length descends a browner shade ;
At length the glimm'ring objects fade ;
'Till all submit to Night's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all the
plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Refounds beneath the woodman's stroke.
Now Silence holds her solemn sway,
Mute in each bush, and every spray.
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills
heard,
Or, from the mould'ring tow'r, Night's sol-
itary bird.

THE ROSE-BUD.

SEE, Flavia, see that budding rose,
 How bright beneath the bush it grows;
 How safely there it lurks conceal'd:
 How quickly blasted when reveal'd!

The sun, with warm attractive rays,
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
 A blast descends from eastern skies,
 And all its blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, ye fair! your charms divine,
 And check the fond desire to shine
 Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
 While here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
 Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
 A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
 As, to the rose, an eastern wind.

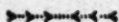
THE FAIRIES.

HERE in a cool grot, and mossy cell,
 We rural fays and fairies dwell :
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
 When the pale Moon, ascending high,
 Darts through yon lines her quiv'ring beams,
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
 Afford the light our revels crave ;
 The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
 Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor ;
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,
 But listen to the water's fall.

Would you, then, taste our tranquil scene,
 Be sure your bosoms be serene ;
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
 Devoid of all that poisons life ;
 And much it 'vails you, in their place,
 To graft the love of human race.

and tread with awe those favour'd bow'rs,
 nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flow'rs.
 may your paths with sweets abound!
 may your couch with rest be crown'd!
 at harm betide the wayward swain,
 who dares our hallow'd haunt profane.



A SHADY VALLEY, NEAR A RUNNING
 WATER.

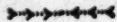
OH! let me haunt this peaceful shade,
 Nor let Ambition e'er invade
 The tenants of this leafy bow'r,
 That shun her paths, and slight her pow'r.

Whether the plaintive halcyon flies
 From social meads and open skies,
 Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
 And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, be-dropt with crimson stains,
Forfakes the river's proud domains,
Forfakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within the humble stream.

And, sure, I heard the Naiad say,
" Flow, flow my stream, this devious way
" Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
" Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

" Flow, gentle stream! nor let the vain
" Thy small unfully'd stores disdain;
" Nor let the pensive sage repine,
" Whose latent course resembles thine.



THE SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE.

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with sheep

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow,
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-briar twines it around.

Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE Shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove ;

She was fair—and my passion begun ;
She smil'd—and I could not but love :
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought ;

Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah ! love every hope can inspire,

It banishes wisdom the while,
And the lip of the nymph we admire,
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

O ye woods ! spread your branches apace,

To your deepest recesses I fly ;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,
I would vanish from every eye.

Let my reed shall resound through the grove
 With the same sad complaint it begun;
 Now she smil'd, and I could not but love,
 Was faithless, and I am undone!

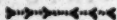
—♦—♦—♦—♦—♦—

VIRTUE.

growing flowers that adorn our meads!
 Striking images of youth and spring!
 Charming flowers! how great the pity
 That, hapless, ye are doom'd to fade so soon.
 In the morn the humble violet
 Shows its sweet head above the tufted grass!
 The sportive damsel gathers it at night:
 When soon fades, is lost, and seen no more.
 The blooming rose that's gather'd in the morn
 Some sweet, gay, and lovely shepherdes,
 In noon it sheds its brilliant attire,
 Which disappears while in her lily hand.
 There is a flow'r that neither fades nor droops;
 Whom those who cultivate and prize it!

Always

Always gay, beautiful, and brilliant,
 And is never known to die or wither.
 It is neither the violet nor rose,
 Nor any flower of our fields or gardens:
 It is enclosed in the *human heart*,
 And is there for ever gay and blooming.

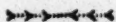


YOUTHFUL INNOCENCE.

YE maidens, who, amidst the grass,
 Seek and collect sweet violets;
 Ye maidens, who, amidst the grass,
 Often dance in the joyous ring:
 Sport and sing, ye harmless maidens!
 While ye enjoy your youthful bloom,
 Come and dance in the joyous ring.

Let us, while youth's gay season lasts,
 Seek and collect sweet violets:
 Let us, while youth's gay season lasts,
 Our temples gaily crown with flowers.

our joy is in the sportive ring.
 Sport and sing, ye harmless maidens !
 Great joy is in the sportive ring.
 Let's crown our temples with gay flowers.



THE MAIDEN OF THE VALE.

THE western sky was purpled o'er
 With every pleasing ray,
 And flocks reviving felt no more
 The sultry heats of day :

When from an hazle's artless bower
 Soft warbled Strephon's tongue ;
 Blest the scene, he blest the hour,
 While Nancy's praise he sung.

In the winding vale retir'd,
 This peerless bud I found ;
 And shadowing rocks, and woods conspir'd,
 To fence her beauties round.

Gay lordlings fought her for their bride ;
But she would ne'er incline :

“ Prove to your equals true (she cry'd)

“ As I will prove to mine.

“ 'Tis Strephon on the mountain's brow

“ Has won my right good will :

“ To him I gave my plighted vow,

“ With him I'll climb the hill.”

Struck with her charms and gentle truth,

I clasp'd the constant fair ;

To her alone I gave my youth,

And vow my future care.



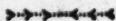
A VITIT IN WINTER.

ON fair Astéria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day,
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away.

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
Pours forth his note melodious now ;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor *wish* the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays ;
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

The fields have lost their lovely dye,
No cheerful azure decks the sky ;
Yet still we bless the low'ring day :
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.



ANACREONTIC.

WAS in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Sought refreshment from the shade,
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

K

A va-

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep ;
And is it thine to snore profound,
She said, yet leave the world to weep !

But, hush ! from this auspicious hour,
The world, I wean, may rest in peace ;
And robb'd of darts, and stript of pow'r,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

Sleep on, poor child ! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.



THE DYING KID.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die ;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede !

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
 She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
 From rock to rock pursue his way,
 And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
 She saw him climb my rustic cell;
 Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
 And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

His every frolic, light as air,
 Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
 And tears bedew her tender eye,
 To think the playful kid must die.



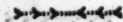
THE LANDSCAPE.

NOW pleas'd within my native bowers,
 Erewhile I pass the day!
 Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers!
 Were ever flowers so gay!

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round !
The river gliding down the dale,
The hill with beeches crown'd !

But now, when urg'd by tender woes,
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see ;
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.



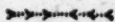
THE SKY-LARK.

GO, tuneful bird, that glad'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way,
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her the sounds that soothe her ear
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine ;
But ask the lovely, partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine ?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
And all his flaunting race, with scorn,
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.



THE CEREMONIAL.

es, "SIR, will you please to walk before?"
y, No, pray, Sir, *you* are next the door:
Upon mine honour, I'll not stir!"
Sir, I'm at home; consider, Sir.

K 3

"Ex-

"Excuse me, Sir, I'll not go first."
 Well, if I *must* be rude, I *must*;
 But yet I wish I could evade it;
 'Tis strangely clownish—*be* persuaded, &c. &c.
 Go forward, cits! go forward, 'squires!
 Nor scruple each, what each admires.
 Life squares not, friends, with your proceed-
 ings;
 It flies, while you display your breeding:
 Such breeding as one's grannum preaches,
 Or some old dancing-master teaches.
 Oh! for some rude, tumultuous fellow,
 Half crazy, or at least half mellow,
 To come behind you, unawares,
 And fairly push you both down stairs!
 But Death's at hand, let me advise ye,
 Go forward, friends, or he'll surprise ye!

WRITTEN

WRITTEN AT AN INN.

O thee, fair Freedom! I retire,
From flattery, feasting, dice, and din;
For art thou found in domes much higher
Than the low cot, or humble *inn*.

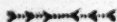
Is here with boundless power I reign,
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull Port to bright Champaign,
For Freedom crowns it—at an *inn*.

I fly from pomp, I fly from state,
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And chuse my lodgings—at an *inn*.

And now once more I shape my way
Thro' rain or shine, thro' thick or thin,
Secure to meet, at close of day,
With kind reception—at an *inn*.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his various tour has been,
May sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome—at an *inn*.



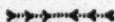
RIDDLES.

HAVE you not known a small machine,
Which brazen rings environ,
In many a country chimney seen,
Yclep'd a tarring iron?

Its puzzling nature to display
Each idle clown may try, Sir;
Though, when he has acquir'd the way,
He's not a jot the wiser.

'Tis thus with him, who, fond of rhyme,
In wit's low species piddles,
And tries his thoughts, and wastes his time
In explicating riddles.

Shall idle bards, by Fancy led,
 (With wrathful zeal I speak it)
 Write with design to plague my head,
 Who have no right to break it ?



VALENTINE'S DAY.

THE tuneful choir in amorous strains
 Accost their feather'd loves,
 While each fond mate with equal pains
 The tender suit approves.

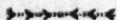
With cheerful hope from spray to spray
 They sport along the meads;
 In social bliss together stray,
 Where love or fancy leads.

Thro' spring's gay scenes each happy pair
 Their fluttering joys pursue,
 Various charms and produce share,
 For ever kind and true.

Their

Their sprightly notes from every shade
 Their mutual loves proclaim,
 Till Winter's chilling blasts invade,
 And damp th' enlivening flame.

Then all the jocund scene declines,
 Nor woods nor meads delight ;
 The drooping tribe in secret pines,
 And mourns th' unwelcome sight.



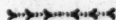
THE TOLLING BELL.

HARK! what a mournful, solemn sound
 Rolls murm'ring thro' the cloudy air!
 It strikes the soul with awe profound,
 Affects the gay, alarms the fair.

With what a pathos does it speak!
 Affecting deep the thoughtful mind;
 The golden schemes of Folly break,
 That hold in glittering snares mankind.

'Tis Death's dread herald calls aloud,
 Proclaims his conquests thro' the skies :
 The Sun retires behind the cloud,
 And Nature seems to sympathize.

reflect, ye restless sons of Care !
 Your vain designs his hand can spoil,
 Make hard oppressors lend an ear,
 And wretched misers cease their toil.



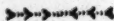
EPITAPH.

Fe'er sharp sorrow from thine eyes did flow,
 Fe'er thy bosom felt another's woe,
 Fe'er fair Beauty's charms thy heart did prove,
 Fe'er the offspring of thy virtuous love
 Bloom'd to thy wish, or to thy soul was dear,
 This plaintive marble asks thee for a tear !
 For her, alas ! too early snatch'd away,
 All that was lovely Death hath made his prey.

No

No more her cheeks with crimson roses vie,
 No more the diamond sparkles in her eye;
 Her breath no more its balmy sweets can boast
 Alas! that breath with all its sweets is lost!
 Like opening roses, drooping lilies tell;
 Like those she bloom'd, and, ah! like those she
 fell.

In circling wreaths let the pale ivy grow,
 And distant yews a sable shade bestow.
 Round her, ye Graces! constant vigils keep
 And guard, fair Innocence! her sacred sleep
 'Till that bright morn shall wake the beauteous
 clay,
 To bloom and sparkle in eternal day.



STELLA AND FLAVIA.

STELLA and Flavia every hour
 Do various hearts surprise:
 In Stella's soul lies all her power;
 And Flavia's, in her eyes.

Mo

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd;
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast not, Flavia, thy fair face,
Thy beauty's only store;
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.



DEATH.

LET a few *years*, or *days* perhaps,
A few *moments* pass with silent lapse,
And Time to me shall be no more;

Mo L No

No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall stre
And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From Nature's verge impell'd I sink,
And endless darkness wraps me round
Yes, Death is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Against this fleeting life of mine,
And where for succour can I fly?
If Art, with flatt'ring wiles pretend
To shield me like a guardian friend,
By Art, e'er Nature bids, I die.

HYMNS OF DIONYSIUS.

I. *To the Muse.*

LEND thy voice, celestial Maid!
Through thy vocal grove convey'd;
Let a sudden call from thee
Wake my soul to harmony.
Raise, oh raise the hallow'd strain!
Mistress of the tuneful train,
And thou sacred source of light,
Author of our mystic rite.
Thou, whom erst Latona bore
On the sea-girt Delian shore,
Join the fav'ring Muse, and shed
All thy influence on my head.

II. *To Apollo.*

BE still, ye vaulted skies! be still,
Each hollow vale, each echoing hill!
Let earth and seas and winds attend;
Ye birds! awhile your notes suspend.

Be hush'd each sound ! behold him nigh,
 Parent of sacred harmony :
 He comes ! his unshorn hair behind,
 Loose floating to the wanton wind.
 Hail, Sire of Day ! whose rosy car,
 Through the pathless fields of air,
 By the winged courfers borne,
 Ope the eyelids of the morn.
 Thou, whose locks their light display
 O'er the wild etherial way,
 Wreathing their united rays
 Into one promiscuous blaze.
 Under thy all-seeing eye
 Earth's remotest corners lie :
 While in thy repeated course,
 Issuing from thy fruitful source,
 Floods of fire incessant stray,
 Streams of everlasting day.
 Time attends with swift career,
 And forms the circle of the year.

III. *To Nemesis.*

NEMESIS, whose dreaded weight
 Turns the scale of human fate;
 On whose front black terrors dwell,
 Daughter dire of Justice, hail!
 Thou, whose adamantine rein
 Curbs the arrogant and vain,
 Wrong and Force before thee die;
 Envy shuns thy searching eye,
 And, her sable wings outspread,
 Hies to hide her hated head.
 Where thy wheel, with restless round,
 Runs along th' unprinted ground;
 Humbled there, at thy decree
 Human greatness bows the knee:
 Goddess! look propitious down,
 View us, but without a frown;
 Nemesis! whose dreaded weight
 Turns the scale of human fate.

TO MRS. BINDON AT BATH.

APOLLO of old on Britannia did smile,
 And Delphi forsook for the sake of this isle
 Around him he lavishly scatter'd his lays,
 And in every wilderness planted his bays.

Then Chaucer and Spenser harmonious we
 heard,

Then Shakespeare, and Milton, and Waller
 appear'd,

And Dryden, whose brows by Apollo we
 crown'd,

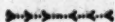
As he sung in such strains as the god might
 have own'd.

But now, since the laurel is given of late
 To Cibber, to Eusden, to Shadwell, and Tate
 Apollo hath quitted the isle he once lov'd,
 And his harp and his bays to Hibernia remov'd
 He vows and protests he'll inspire us no more
 And has put out Pope's fires, which he kindled
 before :

And farther he says, *men* no longer shall boast
A science their slight and ill treatment hath
lost;

But that *women* alone for the future shall write,
And who can resist, when they doubly delight?
And, lest we should doubt what he said to be
true,

Has begun by inspiring Sapphira and You.



MRS. BINDON'S ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last
night,

And, elate by your praises, attempted to write,
I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
And told him how many fine things you had
said;

He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
Your wit, and not mine, by your writings you
shew;

And

And then, says the god, to make you more
vain,

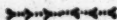
He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your
strain,

When he knows in his heart, if he speak but
his mind,

That no woman alive can now boast I am kind;
For since Daphne, to shun me, grew into a laurel,

With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the
quarrel.

I thought it all joke, till by writing to you,
I have prov'd his resentment, alas! but too
true.



REPLY TO MRS. BINDON.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile,
Unhappily for you, I know his style.

To strains like your's of old his harp he strung
And while he dictated Orinda sung.

Did

Did beauteous Daphne's scorn of proffer'd love
Against the sex his indignation move ?
It rather made you his peculiar care,
Convinc'd from thence ye were as good as fair.
As mortals, who from dust receiv'd their birth,
Must, when they die, return to earth,
So, too, the laurel that your brow adorns,
Sprang from the fair, and to the fair returns.

TO A LADY, WHO SENT COMPLIMENTS
TO A CLERGYMAN UPON THE
TEN OF HEARTS.

YOUR compliments, dear lady, pray forbear,
Old English services are more sincere :
You send Ten Hearts, the tithe is only mine,
Give me but One, and burn the other Nine.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

AS when, in sleep, with winged pace,
O'er hills and plains we urge the race,
With eager hopes we onward bend,
And think our labour near its end ;
But mimic Fancy soon supplies
New scenes to cheat our wond'ring eyes :
Before our feet new plains extend,
New vallies sink, new hills ascend,
And still the goal, when these are o'er,
Appears as distant as before.

THE WISH.

HOW short is life's uncertain space !
Alas, how quickly done !
How swift the wild, precarious chace,
And yet how difficult the race !
How very hard to run !

Yo

Youth stops at first its wilful ears
 To Wisdom's prudent voice ;
 Till now arriv'd to riper years,
 Experienc'd age worn out with cares,
 Repents its earlier choice.

What though its prospect now appears
 So pleasing and refin'd,
 Yet groundless hope and anxious fear
 By turns the busy moments share,
 And prey upon the mind.

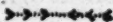
May I, through life's uncertain tide,
 Be still from pain exempt !
 May all my wants be still supply'd,
 My state too low t' admit of pride,
 And yet above contempt !

THE BEARS AND BEES.

A FABLE.

AS two young bears, in wanton mood,
 Forth issuing from a neighbouring wood,
 Came where the industrious bees had stor'd
 In artful cells their luscious hoard,
 O'erjoy'd, they seiz'd with eager haste,
 Luxurious, on the rich repast.
 Alarm'd at this, the little crew
 About their ears vindictive flew:
 The beasts, unable to sustain
 Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
 Half blind with rage, and mad with pain
 Their native shelter they regain,
 There sit, and now discreeter grown,
 Too late their rashness they bemoan;
 And this by dear experience gain,
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
 So when the gilded baits of vice
 Are plac'd before our longing eyes,

With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
And swallow down the latent ill :
But when Experience opes our eyes,
Away the fancy'd pleasure flies ;
It flies, but, oh ! too late we find,
It leaves a real sting behind.



MIRSES UNDER THE PRINTS OF MR.
HOGARTH'S RAKE'S PROGRESS, 1735.

I. *The Room of the miserly Father.*

OVANITY of Age ! untoward,
Ever spleeny, ever froward,
Why those bolts and massy chains,
Quint suspicions, jealous pains ?
Why thy toilsome journey o'er,
Say'st thou in an useless store ?
Hope along with Time is flown,
Nor canst thou reap the field thou'st sown.
Hast thou a son ?—In time be wise :
Views thy toil with other eyes.

M

Needs

Needs must thy kind, paternal care,
 Lock'd in thy chests, be buried there.
 Whence, then, shall flow that friendly ease,
 That social converse, home-felt peace,
 Familiar duty without dread,
 Instruction from example bred,
 Which youthful minds with freedom mend,
 And with the *Father* mix the *Friend*?
 Uncircumscrib'd by prudent rules,
 Or precepts of expensive schools;
 Abus'd at home, abroad despis'd,
 Unbred, unletter'd, unadvis'd:
 The headstrong course of youth begun,
 What comfort from this darling son!

II. *The Rake's Levee.*

PROSPERITY, (with harlot smiles,
 Most pleasing when she most beguiles)
 How soon, sweet foe! can all thy train
 Of false, gay, frantic, loud, and vain,
 Enter the unprovided mind,
 And memory in fetters bind;

load *Faith* and *Love* with golden chain,
 and sprinkle *Lethe* o'er the brain !
 treasure, in her silver throne,
 smiling comes, or comes alone ;
 Venus comes with her along,
 and smooth *Lycæus* ever young ;
 and in their train, to fill the press,
 some apish *Dance*, and swol'n *Excess*,
 mechanic *Honour*, vicious *Taste*,
 and *Fashion* in her changing vest.

III. *A Brothel.*

OVANITY of youthful blood !
 So by misuse to poison *Good* ;
 Woman, fram'd for social love,
 Fairest gift of pow'rs above,
 Source of every household blessing,
 All charms in innocence possessing—
 But turn'd to vice all plagues above,
 Foe to thy being, foe to Love !
 Guest divine to outward viewing,
 Abler minister of ruin !

M 2

And

And thou, no less of gift divine,
Sweet poison of misused wine !
With freedom led to every part,
And secret chamber of the heart,
Dost thou thy friendly host betray,
And shew thy riotous gang the way
To enter in with covert treason,
O'erthrow the drowsy guard of Reason,
To ransack the abandon'd place,
And revel there with wild excess ?

IV. *St. James's-street, where the Rake is
arrested.*

O VANITY of youthful blood !
So by misuse to poison Good ;
Reason awakes, and views unbar'd
The sacred gates he watch'd to guard ;
Approaching sees the harpy, Law,
And Poverty with icy paw,
Ready to seize the poor remains
That Vice hath left of all his gains.

Cold *Patience*, lame *After-thought*,
 With fears, despair, and horrors fraught,
 Call back his guilty pleasures dead,
 Whom he hath wrong'd, and whom betray'd.

V. *Marybone Church, where he marries a
 rich old Woman.*

NEW to the school of hard *Misbap*,
 Driven from the ease of Fortune's lap,
 What shames will Nature not embrace,
 T' avoid less shame of drear distress!
Gold can the charms of youth bestow,
 And make deformity with shew;
Gold can avert the sting of *Shame*,
 In Winter's arms create a flame;
 Can couple youth with hoary age,
 And make antipathies engage.

VI. *A Gaming House.*

OLD, thou bright son of Phœbus, source
 of universal intercourse;

Of weeping Virtue soft redress,
 And blessing those who live to blest
 Yet oft behold this sacred *trust*,
 The tool of avaricious lust:
 No longer bond of human kind,
 But bane of every virtuous mind.
 What Chaos such misuse attends!
 Friendship stoops to prey on friends;
 Health, that gives relish to delight,
 Is wasted with the wasting night;
 Doubt and mistrust is thrown on Heaven,
 And all its powers to chance is given.
 Sad purchase of repentant tears,
 Of needless quarrels, endless fears,
 Of hopes of moments, pangs of years!
 Sad purchase of a tortur'd mind
 To an *imprison'd body* join'd.

VII. *A Prison.*

HAPPY the man, whose constant thought,
 (Though in the school of *Hardship* taught)

Can send *Remembrance* back, to fetch
 Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
 Who, self-approving, can review
 Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
 The gloom of age, and cast a ray
 To gild the evening of his day!
 Not so the *guilty wretch* confin'd,
 No pleasures meet his conscious mind;
 No blessings brought from early youth,
 But broken faith, and wrested truth,
 Talents idle and unus'd,
 And every trust of Heav'n abus'd.
 In seas of sad reflection lost,
 From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
 Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
 And gives the helm to mad *Despair*.

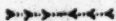
VIII. *Beth'lem*.

MADNESS! thou Chaos of the brain,
 What art, that pleasure giv'st and pain?
 Tyranny of *Fancy's* reign!

}

Mechanic

Mechanic *Fancy!* that can build
 Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
 With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
 Fill'd with *Horror*, fill'd with *Pleasure!*
 Shapes of *Horror*, that would even
 Cast doubt of mercy upon Heaven!
 Shapes of *Pleasure*, that but seen,
 Would split the shaking sides of *Spleen!*
 O vanity of Age! here see
 The stamp of Heaven effac'd by thee!
 The headstrong course of youth thus run,
 What comfort from this darling son?
 His rattling chains with terror hear;
 Behold Death grappling with Despair;
 See him by thee to ruin sold,
 And curse thyself, and curse thy Gold.



THE BREWER'S COACHMAN.

HONEST William, an easy and good-natur'd
 fellow,
 Would a little too oft get a little too mellow.

Body

body coachman was he to an eminent brewer—
No better e'er sat on a box, to be sure.

His coach was kept clean, and no mothers or
nurses

Took that care of their babes that he took of
his horses.

He had these—ay, and fifty good qualities more,
But the business of *tippling* could ne'er be got
o'er :

So his master effectually mended the matter,
By hiring a man who drank nothing but water.
Now, William, said he, you see the plain case,
Had you drank as he does, you'd kept a good
place.

Drink water ! quoth William — had all men
done so,

You'd never have wanted a coachman, I trow.

They're soakers, like me, whom you load with
reproaches,

That enable you brewers to ride in your
coaches.

ABSOLUTION.

IT blew an hard storm, and, in utmost confusion,
The sailors all hurried to get Absolution,
Which done, and the weight of the sins they'd
confess'd
Was transferr'd, as they thought, from themselves to the priest;
To lighten the ship, and conclude their devotion,
They toss'd the poor parson fouse into the
ocean.



SPRING.

HAIL, genial goddess, blooming Spring!
Thy blest return, oh! let me sing,
And aid my languid lays:
Let me not sink in sloth supine,
While all creation at thy shrine
Its annual tribute pays.

Escap'd

Escap'd from Winter's freezing power,
 Each blossom greets thee, and each flower,
 And foremost of the train,
 By Nature (artless handmaid!) drest,
 The snow-drop comes in lily'd vest,
 Prophetic of thy reign.

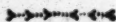
The lark now strains his warbling throat,
 While every loud and sprightly note
 Calls Echo from her cell:
 Be warn'd, ye Fair that listen round,
 A beauteous maid became a found,
 A maid who lov'd too well.

The sun's too quick revolving beam
 Will soon dissolve the human dream,
 And bring th' appointed hour:
 Too late we catch his parting ray,
 And mourn the idly-wasted day,
 No longer in our power.

Then

Then happiest he, whose lengthen'd sight
Pursues, by Virtue's constant light,

A hope beyond the skies;
Where frowning Winter ne'er shall come,
But rosy Spring for ever bloom,
And suns eternal rise.



ODE TO CYNTHIA.

SISTER of Phœbus, gentle Queen!
Of aspect mild and brow serene,
Whose friendly beams by night appear,
The lonely traveller to cheer.
Attractive power, whose mighty sway
The ocean's swelling waves obey,
And mounting upwards, seem to raise
A liquid altar to thy praise.
Thee wither'd hags, at midnight hour,
Invoke to their infernal bower.
But I to no such horrid rite,
Sweet Queen! implore thy sacred light,

Nor seek, while all but lovers sleep,
 To rob the miser's treasur'd heap.
 Thy kindly beams alone impart
 To find the youth who stole my heart,
 And guide me, from thy silver throne,
 To steal *his* heart, or find *my own*.



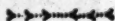
ODE TO A THRUSH.

SWEET warbler! to whose artless song
 Soft music's native powers belong,
 Here fix thy haunt; and o'er these plains
 Still pour thy wild, untutor'd strains;
 Still hail the morn with sprightly lay,
 And sweetly hymn the parting day:
 But sprightlier still, and sweeter pour
 Thy song o'er Flavia's favourite bower;
 There softly breathe the vary'd sound,
 And chant thy loves or woes around:
 So mayst thou live securely blest,
 And no rude storms disturb thy rest;

N

No

No birdlime twig, or gin annoy,
 Or cruel gun thy brood destroy ;
 No want of shelter may'st thou know,
 Which Ripton's lofty shades bestow ;
 Nor dearth of winter berries fear,
 But haws and hips blush half the year.

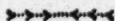


IN A GROTTO.

TO me, whom in their lays the shepherds call
 Actæa, daughter of the neighbouring stream
 This cave belongs. The fig-tree and the vine
 Which o'er the rocky entry downward shoot
 Were plac'd by Glycon. He with cowslips pale
 Primrose, and purple hyacinth deck'd the green
 Before my threshold, and my shelving walls
 With honeyfuckle cover'd. Here at noon,
 Lull'd by the murmur of my rising fount,
 I slumber : here my clustering fruits I tend
 Or from the humid flowers, at break of day
 Fresh garlands weave, and chace from all my
 bounds

Each thing impure or noxious. Enter in,
Stranger ! undismay'd. Nor bat nor toad
Here lurks ; and if thy breast of blameless
thoughts

Approve thee, not unwelcome shalt thou tread
My quiet mansion : chiefly, if thy name
Pallas and the immortal Muses own.



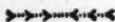
FOR A STATUE OF CHAUCER AT
WOODSTOCK.

SUCH was old Chaucer, such the placid mien
Of him who first with harmony inform'd
The language of our fathers. Here he dwelt
For many a cheerful day. These ancient walls
Have often heard him, while his legends blithe
Of sang, of love, or knighthood, or the wiles.
Of homely life : through each estate and age,
The fashions and the follies of the world
With cunning hand portraying. Though per-
chance

From Blenheim's towers, O stranger! thou art
come

Glowing with Churchill's trophies; yet
vain

Dost thou applaud them, if thy breast be cold
To him, this other hero, who, in times
Dark and untaught, began with charming ven
To tame the rudeness of his native land.



THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

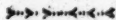
TO all inferior animals 'tis given
T'enjoy the state allotted them by Heaven.
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,
Nor fears of dark futurity molest.

Man, only man, solicitous to know
The springs whence Nature's operations flow
Plods through a dreary waste with toil and pain
And reasons, hopes, and thinks, and lives
vain;

For fable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,
Cuts short his progress with his vital thread.

Whe

Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find
 These seeds of science in the human mind,
 If no congenial fruits are predesign'd?
 For what avails to man his power to roam
 Through ages past, and ages yet to come,
 To explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day,
 Since all must perish in one common grave,
 Nor can these long laborious searches save?
 Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,
 To sport with Phyllis in the noon-tide shade?
 Orat thy jovial festivals appear,
 Great Bacchus! who alone the soul can clear
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can
 fear?



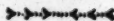
THE ALMIGHTY.

THAT there's a God, from Nature's voice is
 clear,
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere!

How have the fears and follies of mankind,
Now multiply'd their Gods, and now sub-
join'd

To each the frailties of the human mind !
Nay, Superstition spreads at length so wide,
Beasts, birds, and onions too were deified.
Th' Athenian sage, revolving in his mind,
This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,
Foretold, that in maturer days, though late,
When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,
Some God would light us, like the rising day
Through Error's maze, and chase these cloud
away.

Long since has Time fulfill'd this great decree
And brought us aid from this Divinity.



THE ILLS OF LIFE.

FULL true it is, survey we life around,
Whole hosts of ills on every side are found ;

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Domesti

Who wound not here or there by chance a
 foe,
 But at the species meditate the blow.
 What millions perish by each other's hands
 In War's fierce rage! or by the dread com-
 mands
 Tyrants languish out their lives in chains,
 Or lose them in variety of pains!
 That numbers pinch'd by want and hunger
 die,
 In spite of Nature's liberality!
 Those, still more numerous, I to name dis-
 dain,
 By lewdness and intemperance justly slain!)
 What numbers, guiltless of their own disease,
 Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow
 degrees!



THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

BUT there are pleasures still in human life,
 Domestic ease, a tender, loving wife;
 Children,

Children, whose dawning smiles your heart
engage,

The grace and comfort of soft-stealing age.

If happiness exists, 'tis surely here—

But are these joys exempt from care and fear?

Need I the miseries of that state declare?

When different passions draw the wedded pair

Or say how hard those passions to discern,

Ere the dye's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?

Who can insure, that what is right and good

These children shall pursue? or if they shou'd

Death comes when least you fear so black a day

And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd

away.



INSTINCT AND REASON.

THE laws of life, why need I call to mind,

Obej'd by birds and beasts of every kind;

By all the sandy desert's savage brood,

And all the numerous offspring of the flood

Of these none uncontroul'd and lawless rove,
 But to some destin'd end spontaneous move :
 Led by that Instinct Heaven itself inspires,
 Or so much Reason as their state requires.
 See all with skill acquire their daily food,
 All use those arms which Nature has bestow'd ;
 Produce their tender progeny, and feed
 With care parental, whilst that care they need !
 In these lov'd offices completely blest,
 Nor hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views,
 God, thro' the wonders of his works pursues ;
 Exploring thence his attributes and laws,
 Adores, loves, imitates th' eternal Cause ;
 For sure in nothing we approach so nigh
 The great example of Divinity,
 As in benevolence : the patriot's soul
 Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,
 But warms, enlightens, animates the whole. }

Its

Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,
 His country next, then man; nor here it
 ends,
 But to the meanest animal descends.

THE DROPSICAL MAN.

A JOLLY, brave toper, who could not for-
 bear,
 Though his life was in danger, old port and
 stale beer,
 Gave the doctors the hearing—but still would
 drink on,
 Till the dropsy had swell'd him as big as a ton,
 The more he took physic the worse still he grew,
 And tapping was now the last thing he could do.
 Affairs at this crisis, and doctors come down,
 He began to consider, so sent for his son:
 Tom, see by what courses I've shorten'd my
 life,
 I'm leaving the world ere I'm forty and five.
 More

More than probable 'tis, that in twenty-four
hours,

This manor, this house, and estate will be
your's.

My early excesses may teach you this truth,
That 'tis working for death to drink hard in
one's youth.

Says Tom (who's a lad of a generous spirit,
And not like young rakes, who're in haste to
inherit)

Sir, don't be dishearten'd; altho' it be true,
Th' operation is painful, and hazardous too,
Tis no more than what many a man has gone
thro' :

And then, as for years, you may yet be call'd
young,

Your life after this may be happy and long.

Don't flatter me, Tom, was the father's reply,

With a jest in his mouth, and a tear in his eye,

Too well by experience, my vessels, thou
know'st,

No sooner are tapt, but they give up the ghost.

TO

TO A LADY ON A LANDSCAPE OF HER
DRAWING.

BEHOLD the magic of Theresa's hand !
A new creation blooms at her command.
Touch'd into life the vivid colours glow,
Catch the warm stream, and quicken as the
flow.

The ravish'd sight the pleasing landscape fill
Here sinks the vallies, and there rise the hills
Not with more horror nods bleak Calpe's
height,

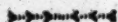
Than here the pictur'd rock astounds the sight
Not Thames more devious winding leaves
source,

Than here the wand'ring rivers shape the
course.

Obliquely lab'ring runs the gurgling rill ;
Still murm'ring runs, or seems to murmur still
An aged oak, with hoary moss o'erspread,
Here lifts aloft its venerable head ;

* Gibraltar.

There overshadowing hangs a sacred wood,
 And nods, inverted in the neighb'ring flood.
 Each tree as in its native forest shoots,
 And, blushing, bends with Autumn's golden
 fruits.
 Thy pencil lends the rose a lovelier hue,
 And gives the lily fairer to our view.



A PROSPECT.

LET me, gladsome, oft survey
 Nature in her best array,
 Woods and lawns, and lakes between,
 Field of corn, and hedges green;
 Fallow grounds of tawny hue,
 Distant hills, and mountains blue
 On whose ridge far off appears
 A wood (the growth of many years
 Of awful oak, or gloomy pine,
 Above the horizon's level line
 Rising black: such those of old,
 Where British Druids wont to hold

Solemn assemblies, and to keep
 Their rites, unfolding myst'ries deep:
 Such that fam'd Dodona's grove,
 Sacred to prophetic Jove,
 Oft I admire the verdant steep,
 Spotted white with many a sheep;
 While, in pastures rich below,
 Among the grazing cattle, slow
 Moves the bull with heavy tread,
 Hanging down his lumpish head,
 And the proud steed neigheth oft,
 Shaking his wanton mane aloft.



TO A LADY VERY HANDSOME, BUT TOO
 FOND OF DRESS.

PRYTHEE, why so fantastick and vain?
 What charms can the toilet supply?
 Why so studious admirers to gain?
 Need beauty lay traps for the eye?

Because that thy breast is so fair,
 Must thy tucker be still setting right?
 And canst thou not laughing forbear,
 Because that thy teeth are so white?

Shall sovereign beauty descend
 To act so ignoble a part?
 Whole hours at the looking-glass spend,
 A slave to the dictates of art?
 And cannot thy heart be at rest,
 Unless thou excellest each fair
 In trinkets and trumpery drest?
 Is not that a superfluous care?

Vain, idle attempt to pretend
 The lily with whiteness to deck!
 Does the rich solitaire recommend
 The delicate turn of thy neck?
 The glossy bright hue of thy hair
 Can powder or jewels adorn?
 Can perfumes or vermillions compare
 With the breath or the blush of the morn?

INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO OF SHELLS
AT CRUX-EASTON,*
THE WORK OF NINE YOUNG LADIES.†

By Mr. Pope.

HERE, shunning idleness at once and praise,
This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise;
The glittering emblem of each spotless dame,
Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame;
Beauty which Nature only can impart,
And such a polish as disgraces Art;
But Fate dispos'd them in his humble sort,
And hid in desarts what would charm a court.

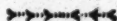
* In the county of Hants, the seat of Edward Lisle, Esq.

† Misses Lisle, daughters of Edward Lisle, and sisters to Dr. Lisle.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY SEEING A GROTTTO
BUILT BY NINE SISTERS.

By N. Herbert, Esq.

O much this building entertains my sight,
Thought but the builders can give more delight;
In them the master-piece of Nature's shewn,
In this I see Art's master-piece in stone.
O Nature! Nature! thou hast conquer'd Art:
The charms the sight alone, but you the heart.



PORSENNA, KING OF RUSSIA.

Russia's frozen clime, some ages since,
Here dwelt, historians say, a worthy prince,
Who to his people's good confin'd his care,
And fix'd the basis of his empire there;
Enlarg'd their trade, the lib'ral arts improv'd,
Made nations happy, and himself belov'd;

To all the neighb'ring states a terror grown,
 The dear delight, and glory of his own.
 Not like those kings, who vainly seek renown
 From countries ruin'd, and from battles won;
 Those mighty Nimrods, who mean laws despise,
 Call murder but a princely exercise!
 And, if one bloodless sun should steal away,
 Cry out with Titus, "they have lost a day."
 Who, to be more than men, themselves de-
 base
 Beneath the brutes, their Maker's form de-
 face,
 Raising their titles by their God's disgrace.
 Far diff'rent praises, and a brighter fame,
 The virtues of the young Porfenna claim.



THE EVER-GREEN.

WHEN tepid breezes fann'd the air,
 And violets perfum'd the glade,
 Pensive and grave, my charming fair
 Beneath yon shady lime was laid.

Flouri

Flourish, said I, those favour'd boughs,
And ever sooth the purest flames;
Witness to none but faithful vows!
Wounded by none but faithful names.

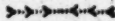
Yield, every tree that crowns the grove,
To this which pleas'd my wandering dear!
Range where you will, ye bands of love,
Ye still shall *seem* to revel here.

Lavinia smil'd, and whilst her arm
Her fair reclining head sustain'd,
Betray'd she felt some fresh alarm,
And thus the meaning smile explain'd:

When summer suns shine forth no more,
Will then this lime its shelter yield?
Protect us when the tempests roar,
And winter drives us from the field?

Yet

Yet faithful, then, the fir shall last—
 I smile, she cry'd; but, oh! I tremble
 To think, when my fair season 's past,
 Which Damon then will most resemble.



THE ANSWER.

TOO timorous maid! can time or chance
 A pure, ingenuous flame controul?
 Oh, lay aside that tender glance
 That melts my frame, that kills my soul!

Were but thy outward charms admir'd,
 Frail origin of female sway!
 My flame, like other flames inspir'd,
 Might then like other flames decay.

But while thy mind shall seem thus fair,
 Thy soul's unfading charms be seen,
 Thou may'st resign that shape and air,
 Yet find thy swain—an ever-green.

CANDOUR.

CANDOUR.

THE warmest friend I ever prov'd,
My bitterest foe I see :
The kindest maid I ever lov'd,
Is false to love and me.

But shall I make the angry vow
Which tempts my wavering mind ?
Shall dark Suspicion cloud my brow,
And make me shun mankind ?

Avaunt, thou treach'rous fiend ! no more
Pretend my steps to guide ;
Let me be cheated o'er and o'er,
But let me still confide.

If this be folly, all my claim
To wisdom I resign ;
But let no sage presume to name
His *happiness* with mine.

LYSAN.

LYSANDER TO CHLOE.

'TIS true, my wish will never find
 Another nymph so fair, so true,
 Since all that's bright, and all that's kind,
 In those expressive eyes I view.

And I with grateful zeal could haste
 To China for the merest toy,
 Could scorch on Libya's barren waste,
 To give my dear a moment's joy.

But, fickle as the wave or wind,
 I once may slight those lovely arms;
 Pardon a free, ingenuous mind,
 I do not half deserve thy charms.

If I in any praise excel,
 'Tis in soft themes to paint my flame;
 But Chloe's sweetness bids me tell,
 I shall not long remain the same.

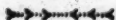
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I know its season will expire,
 Replac'd by cool esteem alone;
 Nor more thy matchless breast admire,
 Than I detest and scorn my own.

This interval my fate allows,
 And friendship dictates all I say;
 Oh! shun to hear my future vows,
 When giddy love resumes the lay.

So some poor maniac can foresee
 The random hours of madness nigh;
 He mourns the fates' severe decree,
 And cautions whom he loves to fly.



CHLOE TO LYSANDER.

OF vagrant loves and fickle flames
 Lysander's Muse may tell,
 And sure such artless freedom claims
 His Chloe's best farewell.

When

Whene'er his heart becomes the theme,
We see his fancy shine ;
But let not vain Lyfander dream
That e'er that heart was mine.

Can he that fondly hopes to move,
With caution chill his lay ?
Can he who feels the power of love,
Foretel that love's decay ?

Why tease believing nymphs in vain ?
Go seek some pathless vale,
And listen to thy vocal strain,
Soft echoing down the dale.

While artless Chloe, hence retir'd,
Shall this sad maxim prove,
No bosom once with love inspir'd,
Could ever cease to love.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE LADY,
WHO WAS MARRIED TO A PERSON
UNDESERVING OF HER.

'T WAS always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter,
T' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions,
Who don't the lesser ills sustain
Of phyfic and physicians?

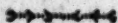
Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wise is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

With numerous ills in single life
The bachelor's attended;
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended.

P

Poor

Poor Gratia, in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a *monkey* here,
Before an *ape* below.



VERSES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

THE midnight moon serenely smiles
O'er Nature's soft repose,
No low'ring cloud obscures the skies,
Nor ruffling tempest blows.

Now every passion sinks to rest,
The throbbing heart lies still,
And varying schemes of life no more
Distract the labouring will.

In Silence hush'd, to Reason's voice
Attends each mental power;
Come, dear Emilia! and enjoy
Reflection's favourite hour.

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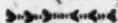
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Come, while this peaceful scene invites,
Let's search this ample round;
Where shall the lovely fleeting form
Of Happiness be found?

Does it amidst the frolic mirth
Of gay assemblies dwell?
Or hide beneath the solemn gloom
That shades the hermit's cell?

To temper'd wishes, just desires,
Is happiness confin'd?
And, deaf to Folly's call, attends
The music of the mind?



REPENTANCE.

By Miss Soper.

All attendants apart,
I examin'd my heart
Last night when I laid me to rest;

And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a change of my mind,
For, you know, second thoughts are the best

To retire from the crowd,
And make ourselves good,
By avoiding of every temptation,
Is in truth to reveal
What we'd better conceal,
That our passions want some regulation.

It will much more redound
To our praise to be found,
In a world so abounding with evil,
Unspotted and pure,
Though not so demure
As to wage open war with the devil.

Then bidding farewell
To the thoughts of a cell,
I'll prepare for a militant life;

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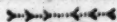
Tobacco

Where

Of law

A calm

And if brought to distress,
Why then—I'll confess,
And do penance in shape of a *wife*.



A PANEGRIC ON ALE.

BALM of my cares, sweet solace of my toils,
Hail, juice benignant! o'er the costly cups
Of riot-stirring wine, unwholesome draught,
Let Pride's loose sons prolong the wasteful
night :

My sober evening let the tankard bless,
With toast imbrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg
fraught ;
While the rich draught, with oft-repeated
whiffs,

Tobacco mild improves : divine repast !
Where no crude surfeit, or intemperate joys
Of lawless Bacchus reign ; but o'er my soul
A calm Lethean creeps. In drowsy'd trance

Each thought subsides, and sweep Oblivion
wraps

My peaceful brain, as if the magic rod
Of leaden Morpheus o'er mine eyes had shed
Its opiate influence. What though sore ills
Oppress, dire want of chill-dispelling coals,
Or cheerful candle, save the make-weight's
gleam

Hap'ly remaining. Heart-rejoicing ale
Cheers the sad scene, and every want supplies.



CHLOE'S NEEDLE.

AS Chloe ply'd her Needle's art,
A purple drop the spear
Made from the heedless finger start,
And from her eyes a tear.

Ah! might but Chloe by her smart
Be taught for mine to feel ;
Mine caus'd by Cupid's piercing dart,
More sharp than pointed steel !

Then

Then I her Needle would adore,
Love's arrow it should be,
Endu'd with such a subtle pow'r
To reach her heart for me.



THE INDOLENT.

WHAT self-sufficiency and false content
Benumb the senses of the Indolent!
Dead to all purposes of good or ill,
Alive alone in an *unactive will*:
His only vice in *no good action* lies,
And his sole virtue is his *want of vice*.
Business he deems too hard, trifles too easy,
And doing nothing finds himself too busy.
Silence he cannot bear, noise is distraction,
Noise kills with bustle, silence with reflection.
No want he feels—what has he to pursue?
To him 'tis less to *suffer*, than to *do*.

ON THE INVENTION OF LETTERS.

TELL me what Genius did the art invent,
 The lively image of the voice to paint;
 Who first the secret how to colour sound,
 And give shape to reason, wisely found;
 With bodies how to cloath ideas taught,
 And how to draw the picture of a thought;
 Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to hear,
 And silent language roving far and near;
 Whose softest noise outstrips loud thunder's
 sound,
 And spreads her accents thro' the world's vast
 round.
 A voice heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,
 Whose echo reaches long, long time to come;
 Which dead men speak as well as those alive—
 Tell me what Genius did this art contrive.

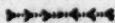
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THE ANSWER.

THE noble art to Cadmus owes its rise,
Of painting words and speaking to the eyes :
He first in wond'rous magic fetters bound
The airy voice, and stopp'd the flying sound ;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave colours form, and body to the thought ;



THE PLAY-THING CHANGED.

KITTY's charming voice and face,
Syren-like, first caught my fancy ;
Wit and humour next take place,
And now I doat on sprightly Nancy.

Kitty tunes her pipe in vain,
With airs most languishing and dying :
Calls me false, ungrateful swain,
And tries in vain to shoot me flying.

Nancy

Nancy with resifless art,
 Always humorous, gay, and witty,
 Has talk'd herself into my heart,
 And quite excluded tuneful Kitty.

Ah, Kitty! Love, a wanton boy,
 Now pleas'd with song, and now with
 prattle,
 Still longing for the newest toy,
 Has chang'd his whistle for a rattle.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

FATHER of light and life! thou *Good su-*
preme,
 Oh teach me what is good! Teach me thyself!
 Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
 From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
 With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue
 pure;
 Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

HYMN

HYMN ON PROVIDENCE.

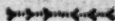
THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or in the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord! art with me still:
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.



ANOTHER HYMN.

WHEN rising from the bed of Death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 Oh! how shall I appear!

If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought,

Whe

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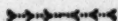
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Now, Lord of all, he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.



LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree,
And 'tis a shameful fight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight!

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs, and naked swords,
To murder, and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another ;
So wicked Cain was hurried on,
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night ;
But, in the bosom of a fool,
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove ;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.



AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

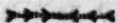
HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry opening flow'r !

How

How skilfully she builds her cell !
 How neat she spreads the wax !
 And labours hard to store it well
 With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
 I would be busy too ;
 For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do.

In books, in work, or healthful play,
 Let my first years be past,
 That I may give for every day
 Some good account at last.



OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
 Hear what their teachers say ;
 With rev'rence meet their parents word,
 And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.



OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men,
What you would not take again.

THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the Rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
 The glory of April and May!
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the Rose has one powerful virtue to boast
 Above all the flow'rs of the field,
 When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours
 are lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
 Tho' they bloom and look gay, like the Rose!
 But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
 Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my
 beauty,
 Since both of them wither and fade,
 But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
 This will scent like a Rose when I'm dead.

VANITY.

THE WISDOM AND GOODNESS OF
PROVIDENCE.

THE blifs of man, (could Pride that blessing
find)

Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given,
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ;
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr and the purling rill ?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

THE END.



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